

*The History of*

VVhich 1400. yeares ago were nailde,  
For our aduantage on the bitter crosse:  
But this our purpose is twelue month old,  
And booteles tis to tell you we will go.  
Therefore we meete not now, then let me heare,  
Of you my gentle Coosen VVestmerland,  
VVhat yesternight our counsell did decree,  
In forwarding this decre expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set downe  
But yesternight, when all athwart there came  
A post from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,  
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herdfordshire to fight  
Against the irregular, and wilde Glendower,  
VVas by the rude hands of that VVelchman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered,  
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shameles transformation  
By those VVelchwomen done, as may not be  
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,  
Brake off our busines for the holy land.

*West.* This matcht with other like my gracious L.  
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,  
Came from the North, and thus it did impoꝛt  
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotspur ther e  
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,  
That euer valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met, wheret hey did spend  
A sad and bloody houre:  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shap of likelihood the newes was told:  
For he that brought them in the very heate  
And pride of their contention, did take horse:  
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is deare, a true industrious friend  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,

*Henry the fourth.*

Srainde with the variation of each soile,  
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this seat of ours,  
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcom newes  
The Earle of Dowglas is discomfited,  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knightes  
Balkt in their owne blood. Did sir VValter see  
On Holmedons plaines, of prisoners Hotspur took  
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne  
To beaten Dowglas, and the Earle of Athol  
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:  
And is not this an honourable spoile?  
A gallant prize? Ha, cosen is it not? In faith it is:

*West.* A conquest for a Prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st  
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a sonne:  
A sonne who is the theame of honors tongue,  
Amongst a groue, the very straightest plant,  
VVho is sweet fortunes minion and her pride  
VVhilst I by looking on the praise of him,  
Seer yot and dishonour staine the brow  
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,  
That some night-tripping Fairy had exchange  
In cradle clothes, our children wheret hey lay,  
And cal'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet;  
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine  
But let him from my thoughts: what think you? Co  
Of this yong Piercies pride? The prisoners,  
Which he in this aduventure hath surprisde,  
To his owne vse hee keepes and sends me word  
I shall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

*West.* This is his vnckles teaching, This is Wor  
Maleuolent to you in all aspectes:  
VVhich makes him prune himselfe, and bristle v  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

*King.* But I haue sent for him to answere this:  
And for this cause a while we must neglect  
Out holy purpose to Ierusalem.